

What It Is (Explicit Album Version)

Young Dro

Young Dro, Young Dro Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a Jazze Phizzle production Young Drooo [Chorus: Repeat x2]

Are you a killer? What it is

Oh yeah, what it is

Drug dealer, what it is

Young player, riding's hard

I just wanna sit up in the air

Get high, I just wanna be up in the air I'm in the air (come down)

Ain't coming down (why?)

Up here dammit (where?)

Ain't coming down (please)

Bubbilish coat, twenty six's in the town

I'm a killer too,

Killing bitches in town

Chevy with the beat down

Make you spin around

I could fishtail

Off Fishdale

Ask the niggas over there

If I'm the shit there

I don't tolerate

My impala grape

Bring the top out

Bet I discombobulate

I'm a tough nigga

You a fuck nigga

See me in the club all prodded up nigga

I got a semi too

My whole penny do

I got diamonds, earned like Winnie Pooh

Given talapia

And caviar for dinner too

Mafia as a mother fucker

Don't make me have to get at you

I throw a hundred shots

Plus fifty-two [Chorus: Repeat x2] My car actually

Willy Wonka factory

Ice look like raspberry

These hoes tryna tackle me

Nigga I'm a killer I suggest you don't come after me
Bitch I'll be in Collipark
Plus I'll on McAfee
Bankhead faculty
Boy you need to rap with me
Come and talk to me
Before I open up your cavity
Shots come rapidly
I told you not to mess with me
I don't play with little boys
You trying to Michael Jackson me?
Know a nigga ride in the air fantastically
Till their daddy kill somethin else
I put my rims up
Actually, car flop purple when the sun come
When it get dark that thing
It'll look Dro won[Chorus:Repeat x2]Mink coat
Shit polar bear
Hoes over here
Hoes over there
I'm about to take flight
I'm goin' in the air
Candy with the gloss
I'm about to lift it off
Can't you see someone on me you don't like
And then lick it out
We don't need to look at a town
We rip em off
My wrist forty
Forget how much tip costs
Buy a hundred k I don't wanna play
Young Dro rides tall on a summer day
Selling dope, it be junkies where my mama's day
Bad hoes get treated like runaways
Bitch you need to go home cool out and smoke a blunt today
Go and say how my cutlass look like egg yolk
I keep two with me all in the bed though
My money fed though
It's Grand Hustle bread boy
We got twenty eight inches in the air
What you scared for?[Chorus:Repeat x2]

Songwriters

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